CINEMAS

ABC 1, Shaftesbury Ave. 836 8861. Sep. Perfs. All Seats Bkble.
1. The 12 Tasks Of Asterix (U). Sun. & Wk. 2.30, 5.30, 8.30.
2. The Goodbye Girl (A). Sun. & Wk. 3.30, 6.10, 8.10.

CURZON, Curzon St., W.1. 499 3737. Casual Man Affaire (X). (English subtitles). A sparkling new French Comedy, directed with finesse by Yves Robert." Sunday Express. Progs. daily at 1.50 (not Sun.), 3.55, 6.10 and 8.30.

DOMINION, Tott. Crt. Rd. (580 9562). Star Wars (U). Sep. progs. today 2.00, 6.10, 8.35. All seats bkble.

EMPIRE, Leicester Square. 437 1234. Seats bookable for last eve. perf. Mon.-Fri. and all perfs. Sat. & Sun. (except late night shows) at the box office (11 a.m.-7 p.m. Mon.-Sat.) or by post. Saturday Night Fever (X). Progs. Daily 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30, 11.30 p.m.

JACEY, Leicester Square. 437 2001. Erotic Sex Games (X). We Are No Virgins (X). Progs. 2.30, 5.05, 7.45.

LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE. (930 6252). Tomorrow Never Comes (X). Sep. progs. Today 3.45, 7.45. All seats bkble. today.

LONDON PAVILION, Picc. Circus (437 1782). The Man With The Golden Gun (A). Live And Let Die (A). Cont. progs. Today 3.50 8.15.

ODEON, Haymarket. (930 2738/2771). Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave in a Fred Zinnemann film Julia (A). Sep. progs. today 2.30, 5.45, 8.45. Feature today 3.45, 6.00, 9.00. All seats bkble. at Theatre

ODEON, Leicester Square. (930 6111). Close Encounters Of The Third Kind (A). Sep. progs. Dly. Doors open (10.0 Not Sun.) 1.45, 4.15, 7.45. Late perfs. Tues.-Sat. Doors open 11.15 p.m. All seats may be booked except 10.0 a.m. shows.

ODEON, Marble Arch (723 2011/2). Star Wars (U). Doors open today 1.30, 4.35, 7.50. All seats bookable today.

ODEON, St Martin's Lane — Home of Disney movies—Gandieshoe (U). For info 240 0071. Box office 836 1811. Sep. progs. today 2.30, 5.45, 8.30.

PLAZA 1, 2, 3, 4, off Piccadilly Circus. 437 1234. Seats bookable (Plaza 1 & 2 only) for last eve. perf. Mon.-Fri. and all perfs. Sat. & Sun. (except late night shows) at the box office (11 a.m.-7 p.m. Mon.-Sat.) or by post.
1. Telefon (A). Dial Telefon Now! 01-353 3086. Selected lucky callers will win 2 tickets to see Telefon at the Plaza. Progs. Daily 2.10, 4.20, 6.25, 8.40.
2. Looking For Mr. Goodbar (X). Progs. Daily 2.30, 5.15, 8.05.
3. The Choirboys (X). Shut Down (U). Progs. Daily 1.30 (not Sun.), 4.40, 7.55.
4. The Duellists (A). Progs. Daily 2.00 (not Suns.) 4.10, 6.20, 8.30.

PRINCE CHARLES, Leic. Sq. 437 8181. Swept Away (X). Sep. Perfs. Dly. (Inc. Sun.) 2.10, 5.25, 8.40. Lte. Show Fri. & Sat. 11.55. Seats Bkble Lic'd Bar.

RIALTO, Leicester Sq. Tel. 437 3488. Ruby (X) Satan's Slaves (X). Progs. 12.45 (not Sun.) 4.00, 7.25. Late Show Every Night 11.00 p.m. Last 2 days.

SIGNE 2, Leic Sq. (Wardour St.) 439 4470. The Pink Panther Strikes Again (U). Sun.-Thur. 1.30, 5.35, 9.35. Fri. & Sat. 12.40, 4.45, 8.45, 12.45. The Return Of The Pink Panther (U). Sun.-Thur. 3.25, 7.30. Fri. & Sat. 2.35, 6.40, 10.40.

STUDIO 1, 2, 3, 4, Oxford Circus. 437 3300.
1. Another Man, Another Woman (AA). Progs. 2.55, 5.30, 8.10. Lte. Show Sat. 10.50.
MORNING FAMILY SHOWS Mon.-Sat. Continuous 10.30 a.m. to 2.20 p.m.
1. Gullivars Travels (U). 10.30, 11.50. LCP 1.10. All Seats £1 (Child & Adult).
2. The Goodbye Girl (A). Progs. 12.45, 2.45, 5.25, 8.05. Lte. Show Sat. 10.45.
3. A Special Day (AA). Progs. 1.40, 5.20, 8.55. Bedrams Mazurka (X) 3.35, 7.15 Lte Show Sat. 10.50.
4. Woody Allen/Diane Keaton Double Bill Sleeper (A) 2.35, 5.50, 9.05; Love And Death (A) 1.50, 4.15, 7.30. Lte. Show Sat. 10.40

WARNER WEST END, Leicester Sq. Tel. 439 0791. Fully air-conditioned.
1. The Gauntlet (X). progs. 1.16 (Not Sun.), 3.35, 5.55, 8.20. Late show Sat. 11 p.m.
2. The Goodbye Girl (A). progs. Weekdays: 1.30, 3.50, 6.10, 8.30. Sundays: 3.30, 5.50, 8.10. Late show Sat. 11 p.m.
3. The Four Feathers (U). progs. 2.00, 4.10, 6.20, 8.35.
4. ABBA—THE MOVIE (U). progs. 2.15, 4.30, 6.25, 8.30. Late show Sat. 11 p.m. 4.30, 6.25, 8.30. Late show Sat. 11 p.m.

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SUNDAY EXPRESS

Who defends Britain?

FOR the first time since the war there is a weak man in the White House.

For the first time since the dawn of the nuclear age when Britain and the other countries of Western Europe took shelter behind the U.S. shield, there cannot be confidence that America has a President who would not shrink to use its full, terrible strength in defence of the West's freedom and vital interests.

Last week President Carter ducked his responsibilities. He shelved the Neutron bomb.

Of course, it is a dreadful weapon. But so are all the weapons in the nuclear armoury.

They make up a deterrent which with God's grace will never be used.

What will the Russians, who understand only strength, make of this President?

And what of those Labour politicians who have left Britain almost naked to her enemies?

Will they explain how they would defend the country against attack?

With composite resolutions from an emergency meeting of the Labour Party?

Blame

GOVERNMENT Ministers are burning with rage over the loss of 8,000 jobs as Spillers pulls out of the bread business.

But where does the blame properly belong?

Last year Spillers lost £9,000,000. on its baking interests. This year the deficit was running at the rate of £12,000,000.

Among the main reasons for the losses: price controls imposed by the Government; wage increases sanctioned by the Government; and strikes and over-manning actively encouraged by the Government's supporters.

So what was Spillers supposed to do? Go on losing money until it was bankrupt?

Or come to Whitehall for a British Leyland style rescue operation at the taxpayers' expense?

Perhaps the Government can say.

Top man

AT a time when America has her own unemployment and balance of payments problems, it is a fantastic achievement for Rolls-Royce — bankrupt just seven years ago—to win an order of £250 million worth of aero engines to Pan Am.

If that tough free enterprise merchant banker, Sir Kenneth Keith, can achieve this for Rolls-Royce, couldn't he achieve even more in a wider field? Isn't there a place for him and men like him in a Thatcher Government?

Or is there some fundamental reason why top jobs always have to go to politicians who could not run a fish and chip shop?

Offside

MR. DENIS HOWELL, the Sports Minister, sounds a long-distance warning against a proposed Rugby Union tour of Britain by South Africans.

But the tour is not scheduled until 1980.

By then there is likely to be a Government which believes in using sport to build friendship and understanding rather than in creating enemies.

Mr Howell himself could well be out of Parliament and back in his referee's kit pounding the field in a minor Soccer game in Birmingham.

And then won't he need all his breath to blow his whistle?

Parting thought

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.
George Meredith

IS RHODESIA NEXT ON JIMMY CARTER'S GIVE-AWAY LIST?

by the Rt. Hon.
LORD HAILSHAM

WHEN Jimmy Carter became President of the United States just over a year ago there can have been few people in the Western World who did not offer up a prayer for his success.

Few of us, I suppose, knew exactly what we were hoping for, but most of us at least believed that a clean, fresh breeze would somehow blow across the American scene. The defeat of Vietnam was over. The unpleasant trauma of Watergate was behind us at last. We could hope to build up a new and revived sense of purpose and confidence in Western democracy.

Perhaps, one might have said, one could have hoped for a revival of the best aspirations of the early days of the Kennedy Administration. America had a President who was neither tarnished by the cynicism nor compromised by the failures of the old Washington establishment.

It is, perhaps, too early to enquire what President Carter has achieved in something more than a year of administration. But he should, I think: be beginning to ask himself at least where he thinks he is trying to lead us. He has certainly not succeeded in improving relations with the Communist bloc. That may not be his fault. Though many of us believe that open attempts to make the Communists respect human rights are more likely to be counter-productive than effectual, one can at least hope for his success and recognise his motives as praiseworthy.

It is rather less easy to applaud the abandonment of many American friends in Vietnam, and the failure to point an effective finger of criticism at the perfectly dreadful accounts which are beginning to filter out of Cambodia.

Similarly, the President's failure to support Israel is not intrinsically ignominious. Mr Menahem Begin is obviously not the most conciliatory of allies, and, having set his hand to an attempt at making peace in the Middle East, one can understand Jimmy Carter's desire to persuade Israel into some significant concession.

GENOCIDE

But what exactly does President Carter think he is about in Africa? At any moment America could have stopped the Cuban mercenaries in Angola and Mozambique in their tracks. Instead the Americans chose to stand by and do nothing. Now that it is too late they seem to be just beginning to realise that Communists are firmly established in both countries and are busily engaged in the genocide of any elements there who happen to disagree. It is only when they have succeeded in dominating Ethiopia and are heading for an aggressive war against the Somalis and Eritreans that there is even a word of criticism and warning from the White House.

It is not as if President Carter or his talkative subordinate Mr Young, have lost the power of speech. So far their speeches have been mainly pointing in one direction. No-one is less inclined than I to justify South Africa's policy of apartheid or Ian Smith's rebellion against the Crown. But for 13 years now all parties in this country have been united in telling Mr Smith to accept the so-called six principles, the most important of which is to demand that a settlement should be arrived at which commands the support of the inhabitants of Rhodesia, black and white.

Mr Smith has now at last made an agreement with Nationalist Black African leaders which claims to do exactly that, and to satisfy the other five principles into the bargain. It certainly will do this if elections are held, as is proposed, and Bishop Muzorewa and the Reverend Sithole gain the day.

But what now is the posture of the White House? I do not at all complain that Dr Owen and the President should at least make the attempt to bring in the remaining leaders who have stayed outside.

But by what right do they demand that the matter should not be referred to the Rhodesian people? Supposing the other two leaders do not come in? Is the President going to say that the Rhodesian people, black and white, are not to have the power to decide their future simply because there are men with guns outside the Rhodesian frontier determined to prevent them doing so?

And whose do they think the guns are? And who is providing the pay of the 8,000 soldiers of Mr Nkomo's army, only waiting for the word to turn Rhodesia into another Angola, or the rather fewer guerrilla fighters said now to be inside Rhodesia under the command of Mr Mugabe?

DOMINION

They are not being paid by Mr Nkomo or Mr Mugabe. They are in the pay of the Soviet Union, and I have no doubt that their arms are Soviet arms.

Does Jimmy Carter's interest in human rights extend to the six principles in Rhodesia or does it not? Does he want peace or does he not? Does he wish Southern Africa to become a dominion of the Soviet Union despite the bloodshed it would cause or does he not?

These are questions which Europeans are beginning to ask, and Americans would be unwise to ignore the fact that people all over the world are beginning to wonder whether behind the friendly democratic smile of the new American President there is a reliable ally or there is not.

For consider the recent track record. The Vietnamese have been abandoned to the Communists and Cambodia has fallen to a fouler tyranny than Hitler's without a blow. It may be South Korea will follow. No-one can be quite sure of Carter's friendship with Israel. Angola and Mozambique have been allowed to become Communist fiefs. Rhodesia and South Africa are on the list.

After that, who is there left for the United States to sell down the river? Mr Carter would do well to reflect that America cannot afford to become known as a false friend prepared to sell her allies for internal political reasons.

I speak as a friend to America. For I am half American. The breezy new President from the South will do well to reassure his friends of his reliability as an ally.

While I doubt not that his enthusiasm for human rights is sincere, I would not give 10 cents for human rights either in the United States or Europe unless he makes it clear that he does not regard the independence of free peoples from Communist Imperialism as negotiable.

If Southern Africa becomes a Communist fief either by virtue of his inexperience or his preoccupation with internal American politics, he must realise that the consequences for Europe and particularly for Britain will be at least as severe as Hitler's occupation of Czechoslovakia.

"May I borrow some more nails, President Carter?"

Politics and Personalities — *by CROSS-BENCHER*

Sir Geoffrey's last chance

FOR Sir Geoffrey Howe, Mrs Thatcher's Shadow Chancellor, the moment of trial apprcaches.

In just three days time he will make the speech on which his political future depends.

As surely as the roars of the crowd in a Roman amphitheatre determined the thumbs up or down for some dusty gladiator, so Sir Geoffrey knows that the noise from the Tory benches round about 4.30 p.m. on Wednesday afternoon will seal his fate.

After his blood

☆ If when he sits down after leading the onslaught on Mr Healey's Budget there are roars of approval on the benches behind him, then the Tory critics who have been baying for his blood will be silenced.

He will keep his job as Shadow Chancellor. And with it the right, after his three year slog in the role, to move into No. 11 Downing Street when Mrs Thatcher wins the key to No. 10.

* * *

But what if after his performance there are Tories once again holding their heads in despair? What if there is no more than a politely loyal murmur in his support?

Then, Sir Geoffrey can see, he will be done for.

The deputations who have called on Mrs Thatcher to demand a more aggressive character as Shadow Chancellor will redouble their efforts.

And almost certainly, he knows, Mrs Thatcher will have to give way.

He will be shunted into some other job much less in the public eye.

The prize post which he knows that he could fill with real authority and massive competence, the post which confers more personal authority than any save No. 10 itself will go to another.

And Sir Geoffrey will be yet another politician with a great future behind him.

All at stake

☆ It is cruel. For the man who has bridged the gap between the Tory monetarists and the incomes policy enthusiasts; for a painstaking worker with a formidable brain, it is unjust.

But with a close, highly combative election coming, Sir Geoffrey can see that it is also inevitable that so much must now rest upon a single speech.

It simply has to be his last chance to show that he can dish out the rough stuff in the heat of battle.

For Sir Geoffrey Howe, at 51, Wednesday, April 12, 1978, is make or break day.

A rising star

☆ Does a single bystander's head ever turn when a pale-faced, toothy little fellow darts up the steps of Gwydyr House, Whitehall?

As Secretary of State for Wales Mr John Morris sits in the Cabinet. But who would ever know it outside Wales? Mr Morris has about as much impact on the national scene as a ping-pong ball on the Pontypool Front Row.

Until now it has not mattered much. Mr Morris had taken the precaution of being a devoted Callaghan man. And there was no-one else among Welsh Labour M.P.s within striking distance of the top.

But now there is a chill breeze playing somewhere about Mr Morris's seventh vertebra.

For as Minister of State at the Treasury, Mr Denzil Davies has been winning admirers week by week. And in his last honours list Mr Callaghan marked Mr Davies's advance by making him, at 39, the youngest Privy Councillor.

* * *

Without a doubt, sure-footed Mr Davies has emerged as a Secretary of State for Wales in waiting.

And the problem for Mr Morris, now struggling with the Welsh Devolution Bill, is: just how much longer will Denzil have to wait?

Colin's critics

☆ Mr Colin Jackson, once a whizz kid foreign affairs expert who used to fly around the world lecturing the inhabitants of the next country on the one that he had just left, has slowed up a great deal of late. In the Commons his voice is seldom heard.

And now, I learn, Mr Jackson faces trouble in his Brighouse and Spenborough Labour Party.

On Friday the local party meet to consider whether he should stand down at the next election.

Opponents are saying Mr Jackson has a health problem which seriously affects his work.

* * *

In his heyday Mr Jackson was always ready with a few hundred words on the situation in Aden or Vietnam, in Cairo or Kuala Lumpur.

Now his colleagues are wondering how he will make out when it comes to dealing with a little local difficulty.

Unwary William

☆ When he called Welsh a dead language last week, Mr William van Straubenzee caused an uproar among M.P.s from the Principality.

You would have thought he might have been more careful about offending cultural minorities. For his own name has brought its problems.

Once when Mr van Straubenzee was speaking in Cornwall, a heckler demanded, "Why should we be lectured by a blooming Dutchman?"

He was not Dutch, explained the M.P., but British, and proud to be so, even if his forebears had come from the Netherlands.

"Oh, yes," came the reply from the body of the hall. "My cat has had kittens in a kipper box—but that doesn't make them kippers, does it?"

Even from the verbally nimble Mr van Straubenzee, I am told, there was no reply to that one.

JOHN JUNOR
CURRENT EVENTS

I ADMIRE the command of words of Mr John Blofeld Q.C., when, prosecuting in the case of the massage agency whose girls said they charged rich clients up to £100 for sexual services, he sternly told an Old Bailey jury: "They were obviously sitting on a gold mine."

Maybe they were. That has still to be proved. What is for sure is that some of the girls did a good deal more than just sit on theirs.

But isn't it priceless that the massage agency involved is alleged to have posed as a car hire firm and to have operated a credit card system?

If true, could this mean that some of its clients were putting in their credit accounts as deductible tax expenses?

And if so, is the Old Bailey prosecution being paralleled by an Inland Revenue investigation?

WAY BACK in November, the auditor at the Welsh Office became concerned about the high cost of dispensing drugs in a rural two-doctor practice in Clwyd. He ordered an investigation.

It was undertaken by the Clwyd Family Practitioner Committee. But the names of the doctors were not revealed and indeed might never have been revealed had not one of the committee's members, Mrs Beata Brookes, disclosed them at a meeting at which the Press was present.

The chairman, 77-year-old Dr Brajanath Das Chowdhury, a former Socialist leader of Flintshire county council, was affronted. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "this is a breach of principle . . . absolutely irregular." The Press was then put out of the meeting.

I can understand the chairman's indignation. For guess what? One of the doctors named was himself. The other was his son, Dr. Sunil Chowdhury, himself now a Socialist councillor.

The amounts involved? I quote from the *Rhyl Journal*:—

"The total superannuable remuneration of the partners for the year ending March 31, 1977, amounted to £10,407 for the elder partner and £31,693 for the younger partner, of which dispensing drugs accounted for £4,846 and £14,538."

£31,693! *Superannuable? Which means that it all counts for pension purposes?*

£14,538 for drugs! £23 a patient. More than twice the local average.

It may be, of course, that Dr Chowdhury just happens to have unhealthier patients than any other G.P. in the area.

But isn't it just a little bit hot even for Wales that the chairman of the committee responsible for arranging the probe should not only himself be one of the two men under investigation, but also be the father of the other?

Or does it count as fair provided mum and two uncles are not sitting on the same committee too?

MR FRASER, Minister of State at the Department of Prices, assures us that when metrication becomes law the small shopkeeper who persists in the crime of selling knicker elastic by the yard instead of the metre, will not, after all, go to jail—but will only be fined up to £50.

Isn't that a mercy?

It should be enough to send us all singing and dancing in the streets. But for one thing.

What is going to happen to the chap who gives, as I would give, a Harvey Smith to the Metrication Board, refuses to pay the £50 fine and keeps on refusing?

IF I, like Mr Ludovic Kennedy, had been turned down previously by Muirfield Golf Club, I think I would have got the message.

Mr Kennedy is made of sterner stuff.

On his second attempt, he had as sponsors two former club captains.

Are these two men now themselves going to resign from the club which has spat not just in their nominee's face but also in their own? I would hope so.

Besides, who would want to remain a member of the club which, by rejecting an interesting chap like Mr Kennedy, reveals itself as a bunch of dull, sanctimonious, po-faced Scottish legal creeps?

Do you suppose Muirfield would have dared to do the same thing if Mr Kennedy had been a Pakistani shopkeeper?

THE TORY-CONTROLLED council of Tameside is absolutely right to warn head teachers and their staff that they will be fired on the spot if they dare to remove a picture of the Queen from "prominent positions" in their schools.

But isn't it fantastic that such an order should even have to be given? And having been given, should now be challenged by angry head masters.

I bet they would never pull down a picture of Comrade Brezhnev. They would be too busy kneeling down in front of it.

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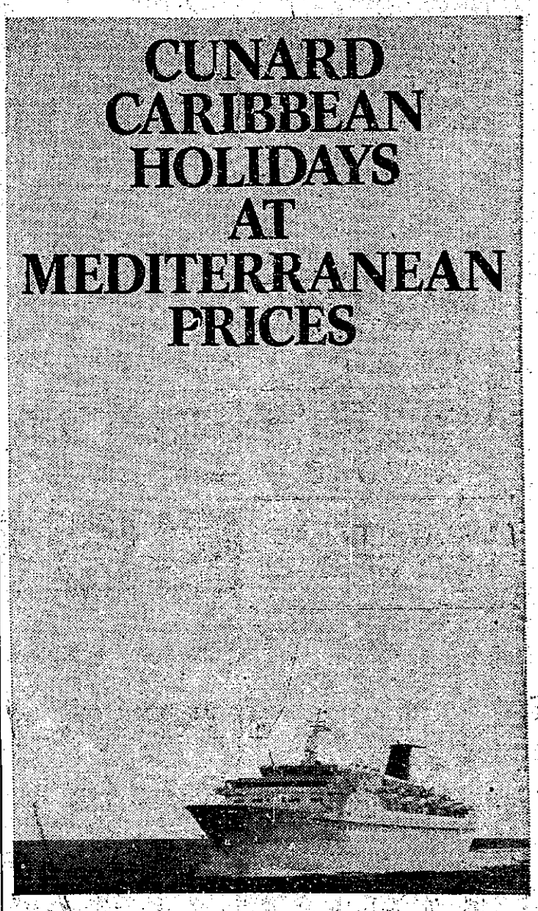

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